

CANDY

DECEMBER

No. 7

QUALITY
COMIC
BOOKS
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12

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES

C'MON, TED!
YOU SAID HIKING
IS FUN... AND
YOU'RE ALWAYS
TRAILING
BEHIND!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

ACT
NOW

BE FIRST

ACT
NOW

PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

We
Trust
You

Boys
Girls

MAIL COUPON

Ladies
Men

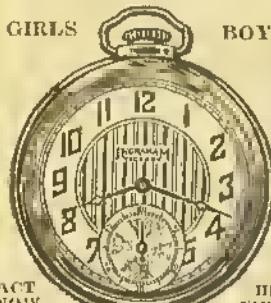
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Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



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Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.

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School Boxes, Excellent Lone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superhet-Erdyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our third year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



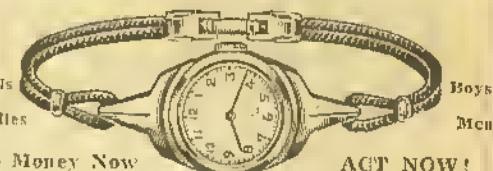
GIRLS BOYS LADIES MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT
NOW

NO
MONEY
NOW



PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN



Girls
Ladies

Boys
Men

No Money Now

ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

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WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

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Print LAST Name Here

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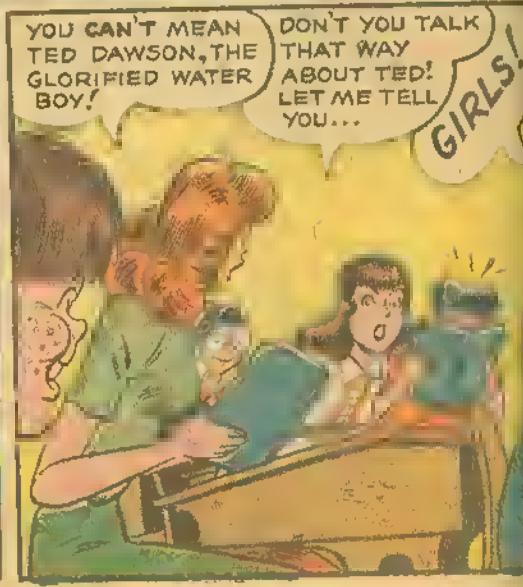
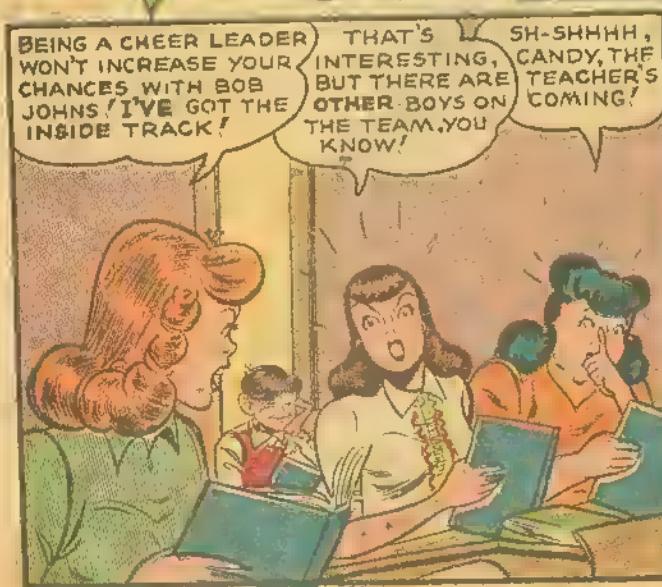
YEA, HARTWICK!
TEAM! TEAM!
TEAM!

PUFF-PUFF
GEE, CANDY, YOU
LOOK SWELL...

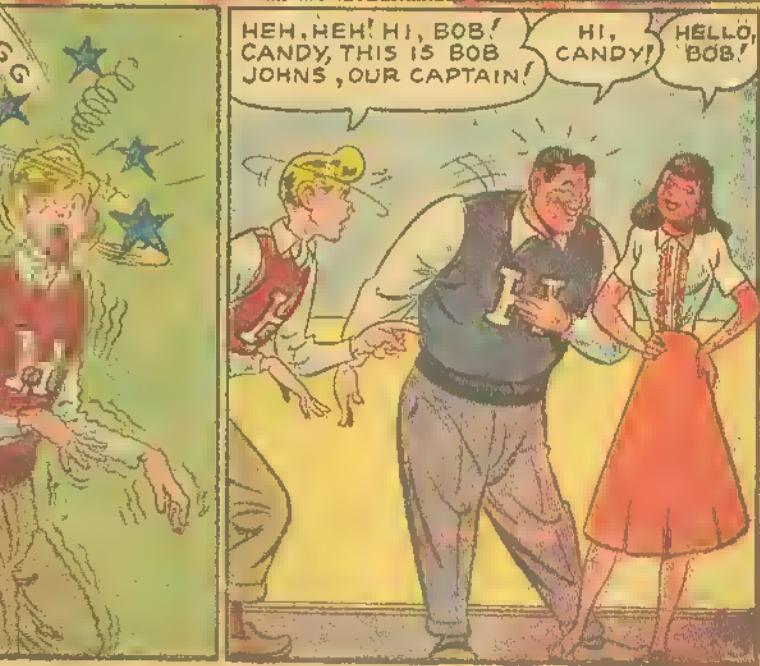
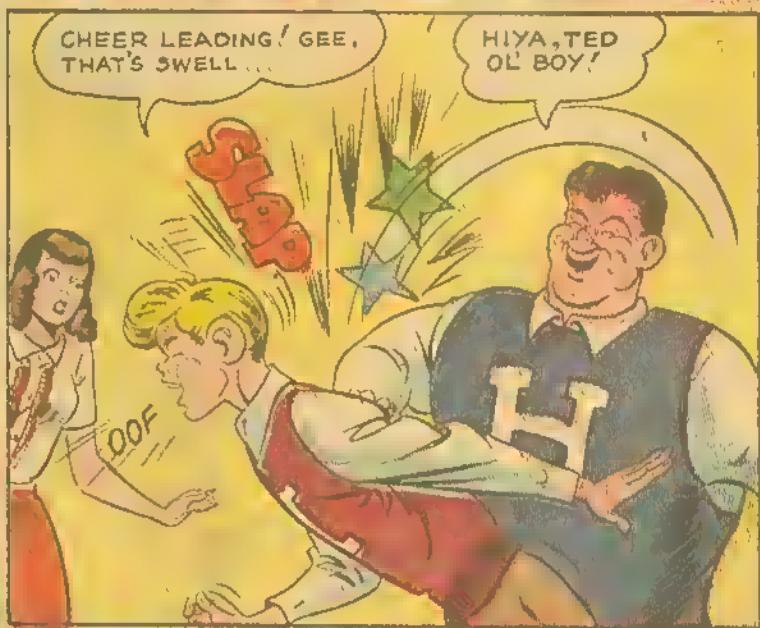
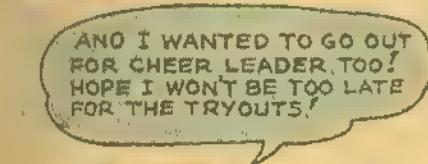
JUST HOLD THAT
POSE, DAWSON!



CANDY



CANDY

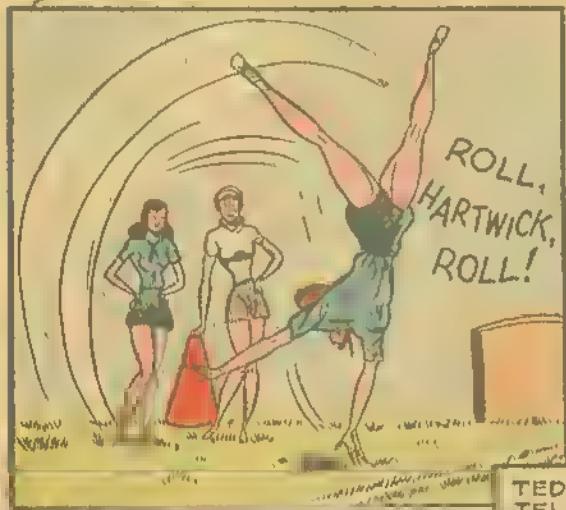


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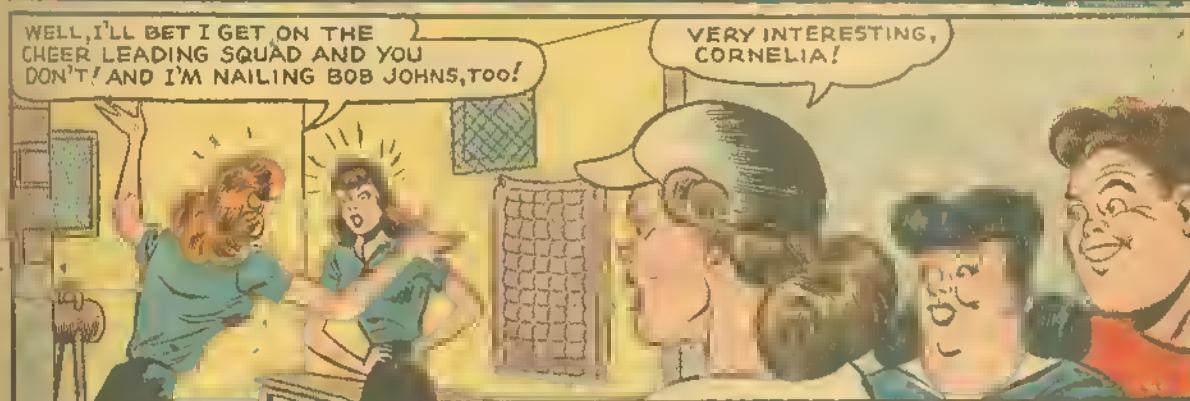
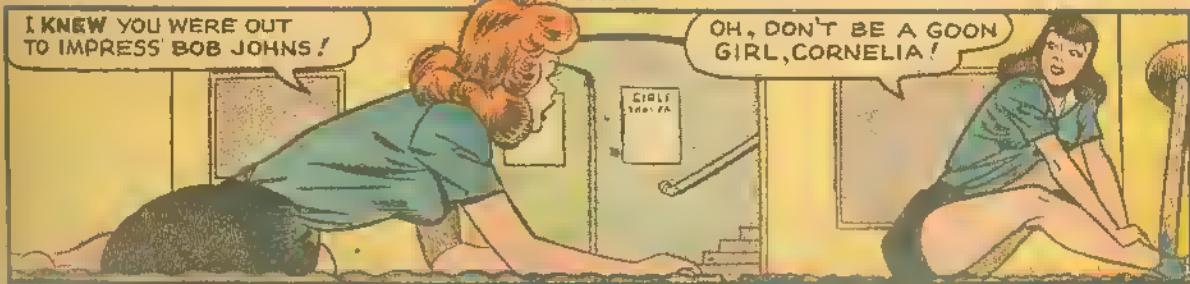
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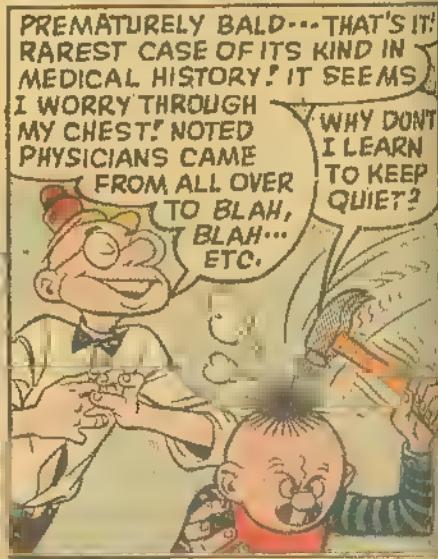
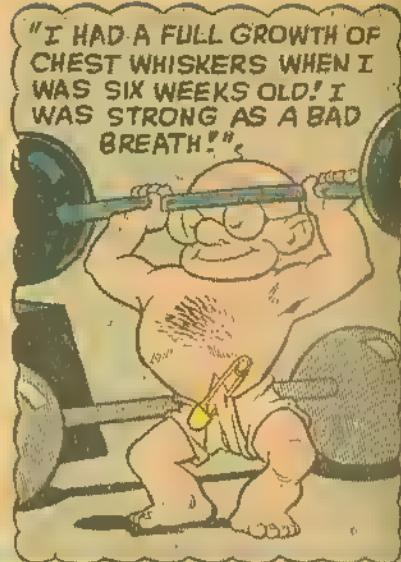
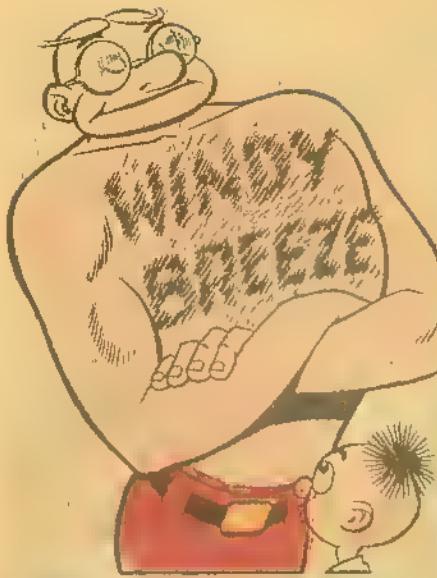


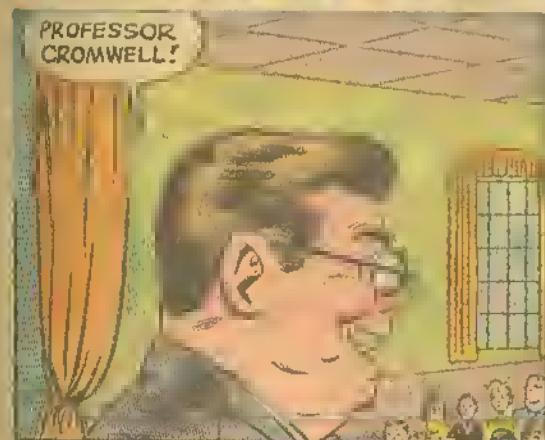
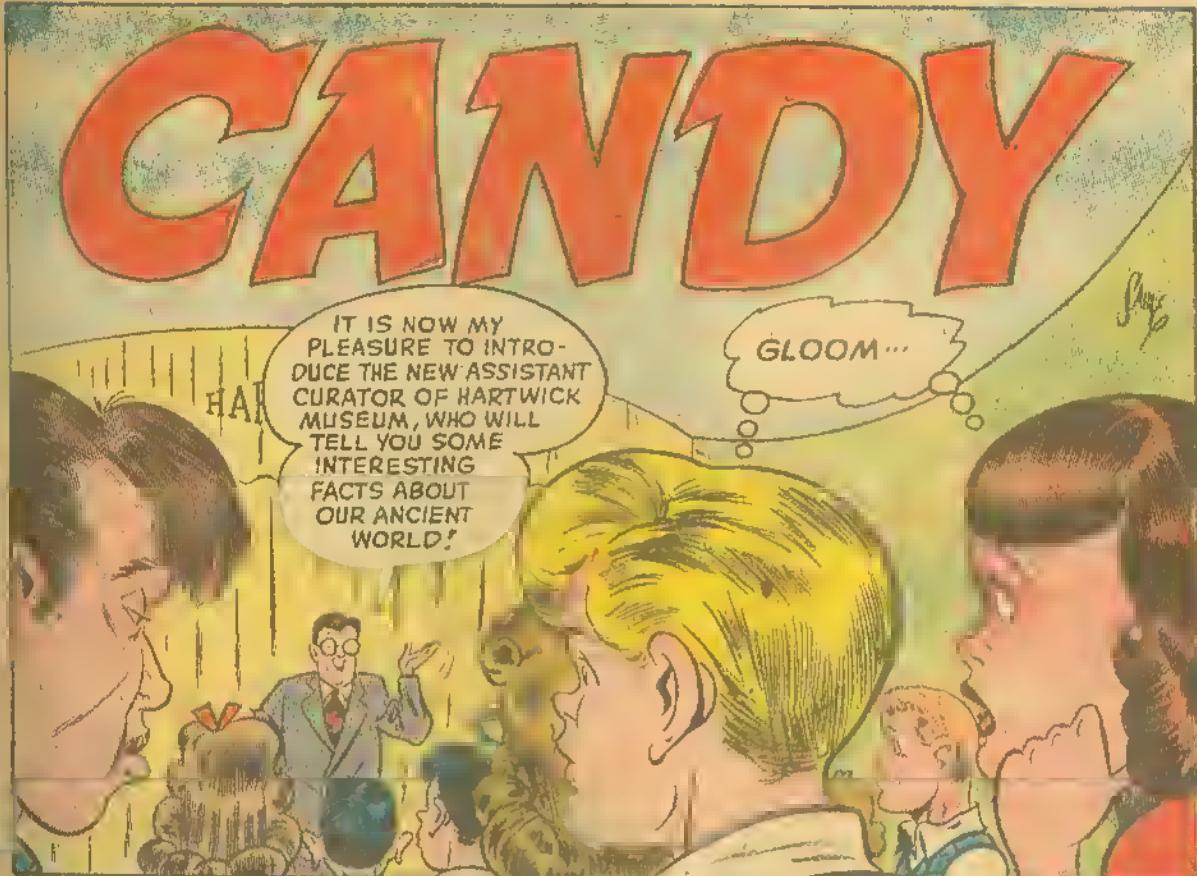
THE OLD GLAMOUR ACT, IF I'VE EVER SEEN IT!

CANDY

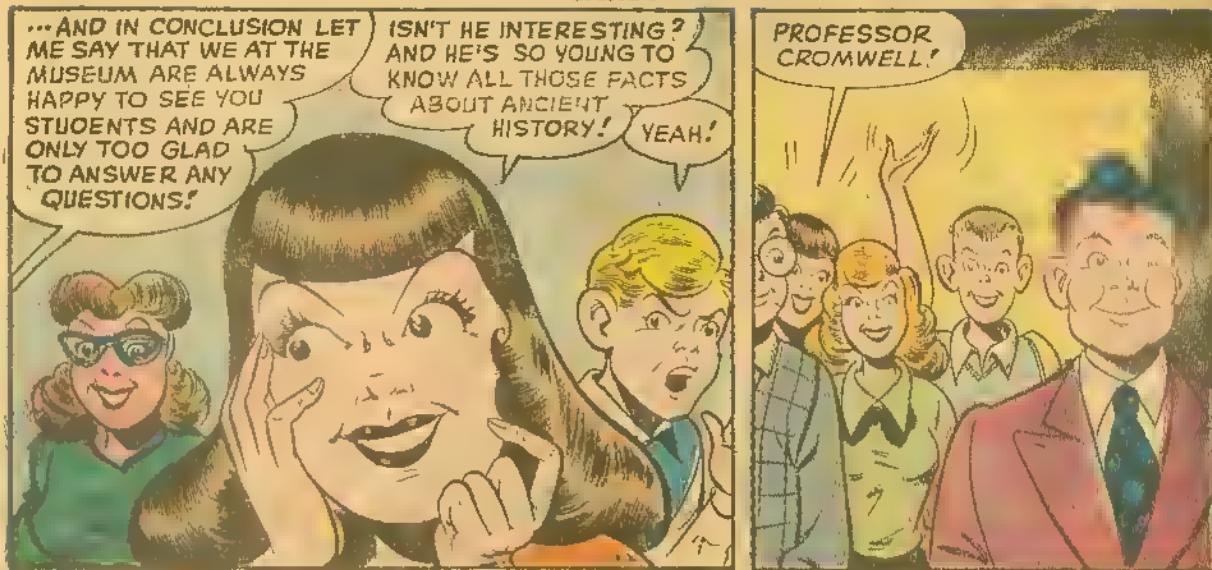


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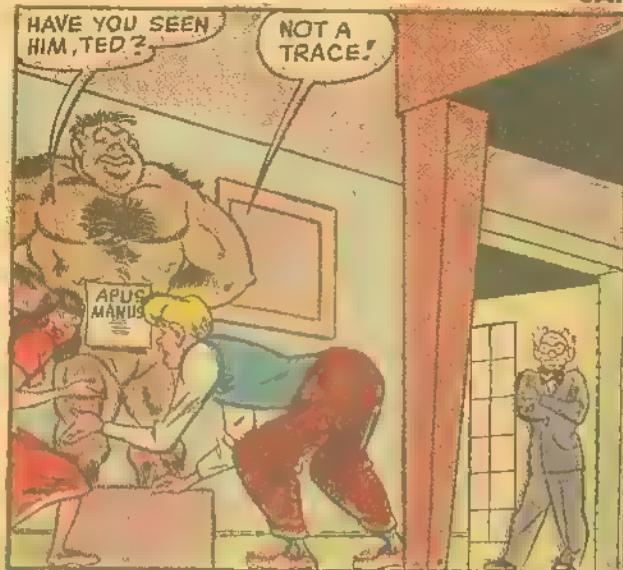


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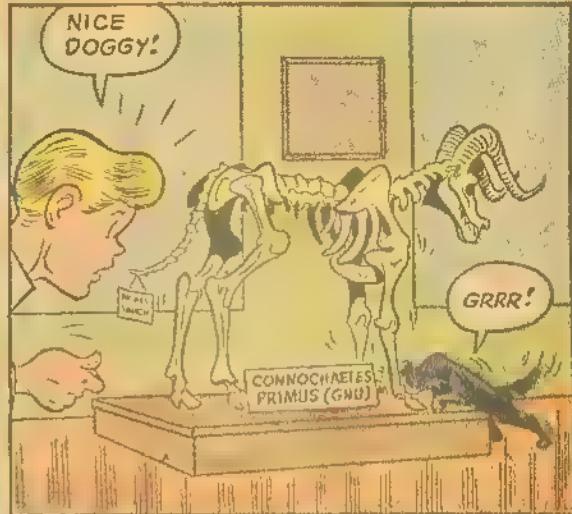
Several days later



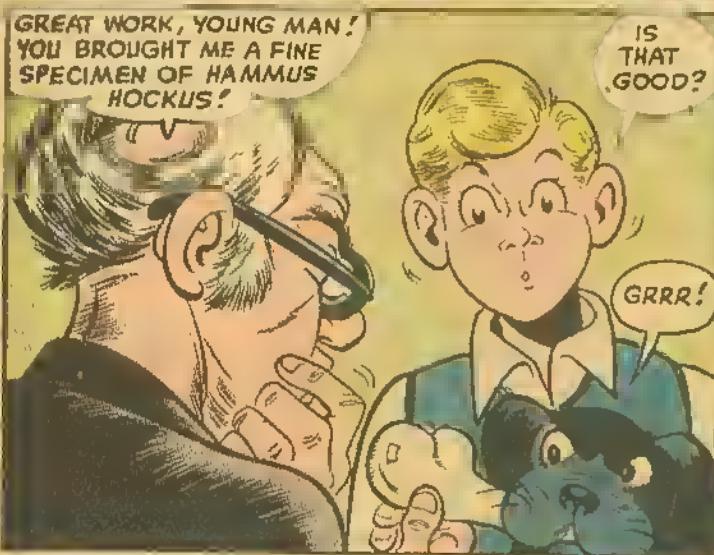
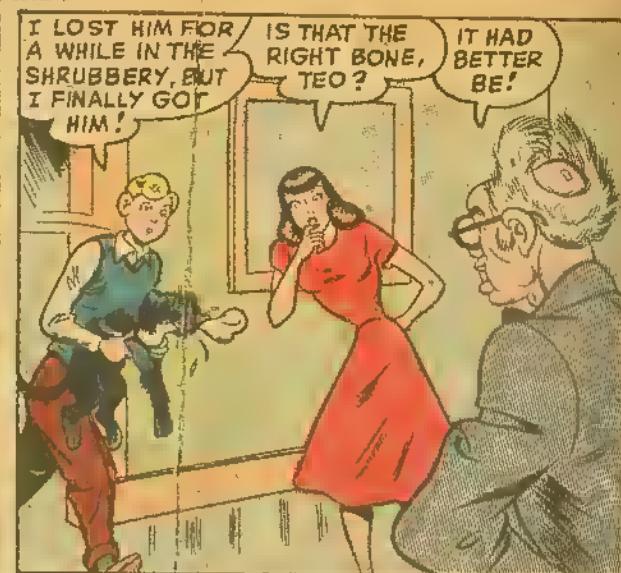
CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY

Two hours later...

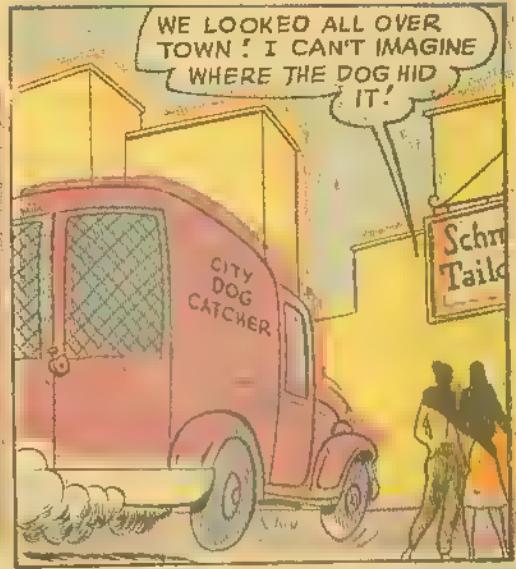
IT'S NO USE, CANDY! WE'LL HAVE TO TELL DR. CRABSHAW THAT WE CAN'T FIND HIS DARNED OLD GNU BONE!

I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT HE'LL DO!

WE LOOKED ALL OVER TOWN! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE THE DOG HID IT!

CITY DOG CATCHER

Schn Tails



TED...LOOK! THERE'S THE POUCH THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE! GUESS THE LAW THAT GOVERNS DOGS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

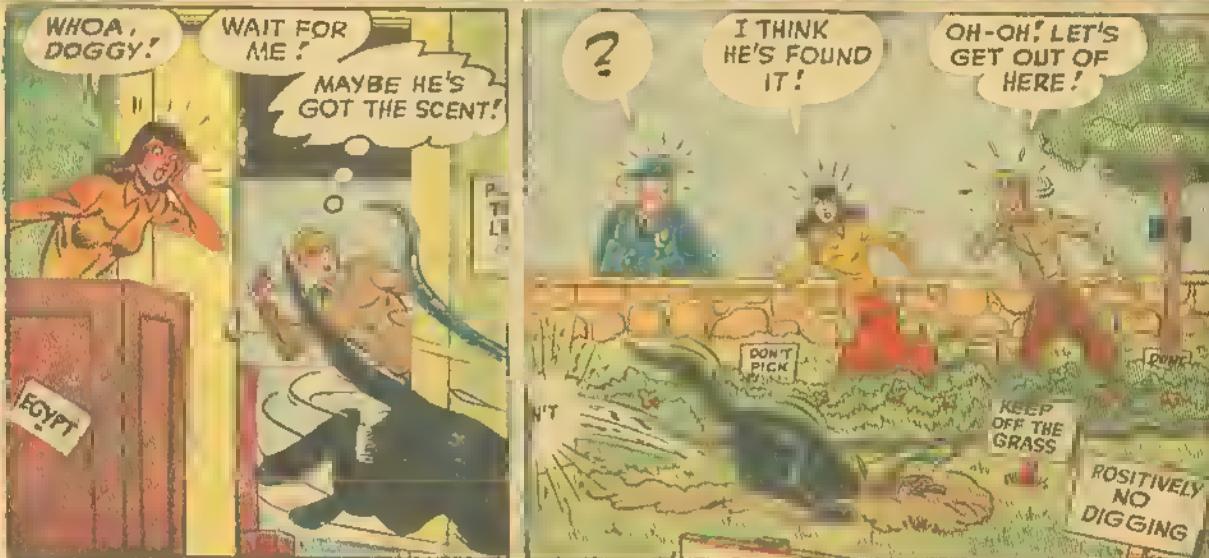
WAIT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? WE'LL TURN HIM LOOSE AND SEE WHETHER HE'LL LEAD US TO THE BONE!



WELL PAY THAT IS... TED...ER...

GEE, CANDY! MY LAST TWO DOLLARS!

CANDY



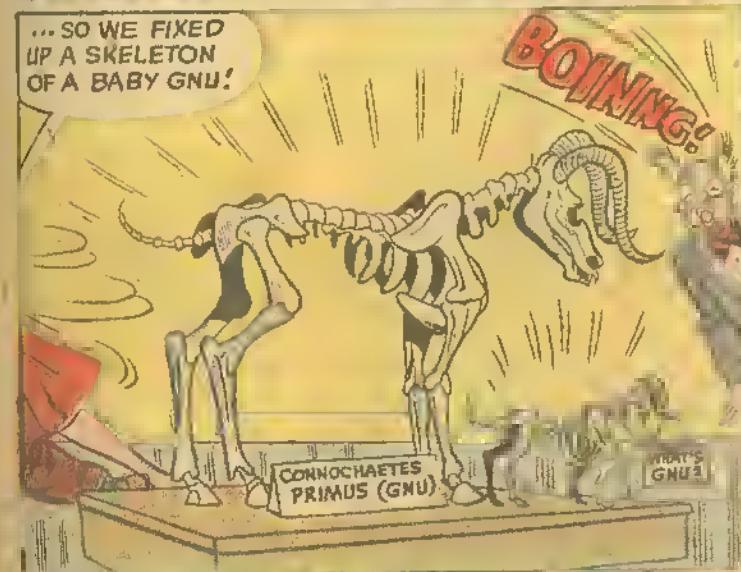
CANDY

WOTTA PLACE! I COME IN WITH A PAIR OF VANDALS AND GO OUT WITH A LOST DOG!

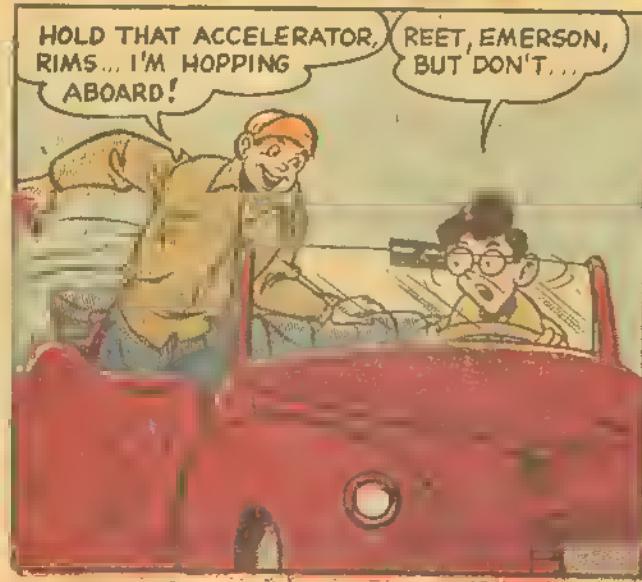
IF ANYONE CALLS, I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY! I HAVE TO GET A MAN TO REPAIR THIS NEW GNU EXHIBIT!

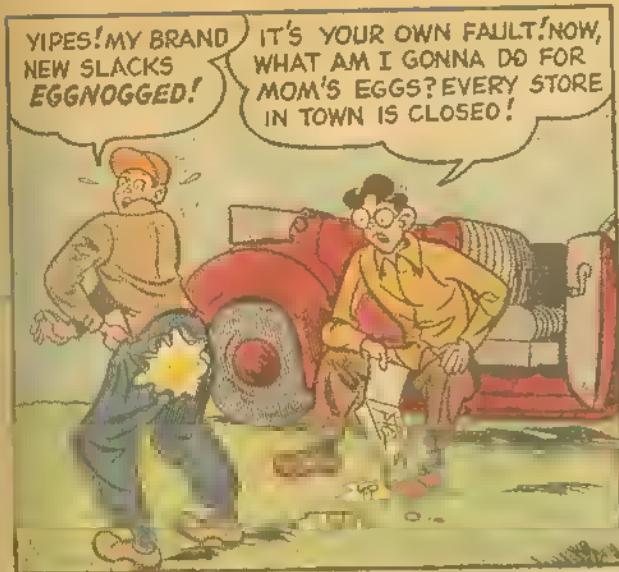
WHILE DR. CRABSHAW IS OUT, MAYBE WE CAN FIX THE SKELETON AND SAVE THE MUSEUM SOME MONEY!

I WISH I COULD GET THE TWO BUCKS BACK I PAID FOR THAT DOG LICENSE!



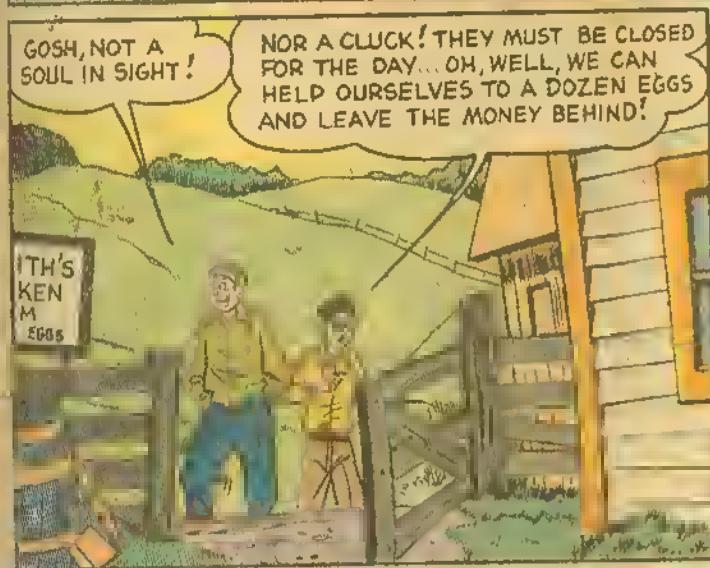
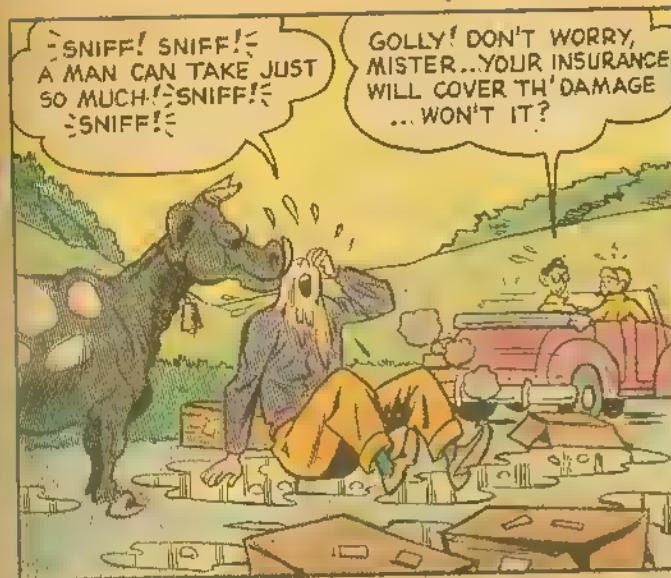
RIMS



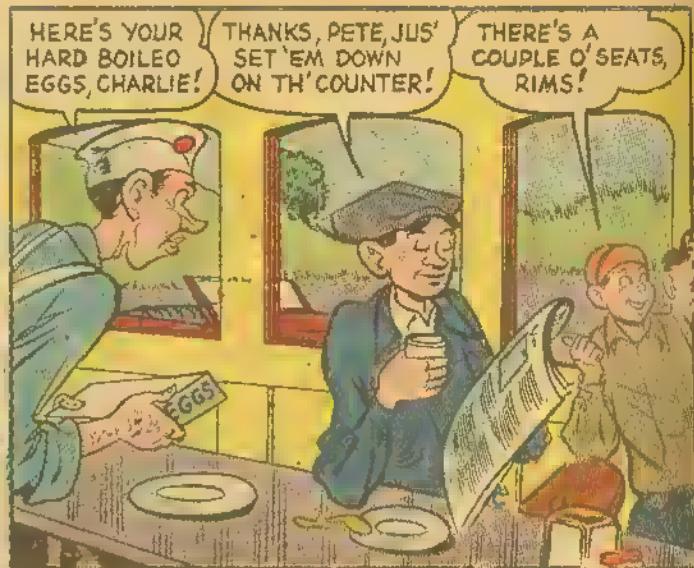




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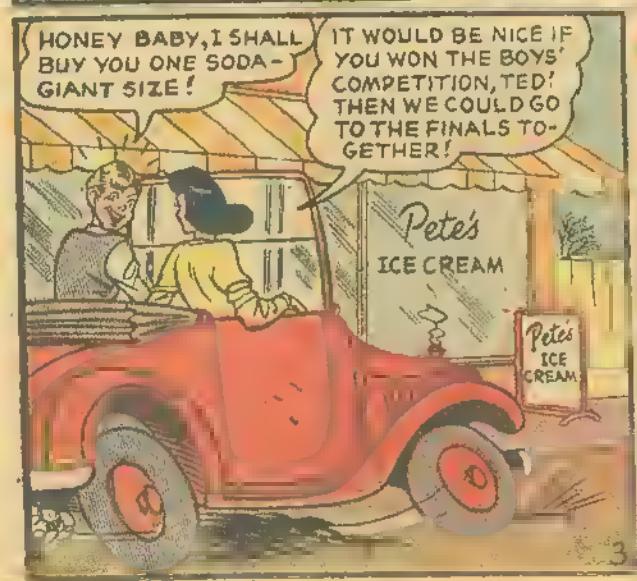
CANDY



CANDY



A short time later...

HI!
TED!MYRA HALE! THE NEW SLICK CHICK
AT SCHOOL! MAYBE I CAN INTEREST
HER IN THE DANCE!IT'S A PLEASURE TO
SEE YOU OUTSIDE
SCHOOL FOR A CHANGE!YOU ARE ALWAYS
PLEASING TO THE
EYE, KITTEN!I'VE HAD A FIFTY
PER CENT SLUMP
IN MARKS SINCE YOU
CAME INTO THE CLASS!

CANDY



CANDY

Next day...after the girls' oratorical competition...

HI, SUGAR! DON'T FEEL BAD BECAUSE YOU LOST! LET'S GO FOR A SODA AND SHAKE OFF THOSE POLYSYLLABLES THEY WERE SPOUTING IN THERE!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, TED! HMM, NOW THAT MYRA WON, YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY!

I SAW YOU DRIVING MYRA AROUND!

THE LITTLE LADY IS JEALOUS IN A PURELY FEMININE SORT OF WAY, DAWSON! YOU'RE IN SOLID!



CANDY

The next afternoon...at the boys' competition...
HARLAN IS STILL SICK! IT MEANS YOU'LL PROBABLY BE GOING TO THE DANCE WITH HIM! EVEN THOUGH HE CAN'T TALK, HE CAN STILL WALK!

I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, TED—if he still wants to keep the date!

THAT CLOSES THE CONTEST FOR HARTWICK! MR. TWIGGS WILL NOW MAKE HIS CHOICE!

IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE...AHEM... SHOUTING! WAIT, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

I THINK WE SHOULD BE FAIR, SIR!

WELL!

ME, TOO, TED! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK IN THE RECORD LIBRARY!

MAY I SAY SOMETHING, SIR?

THE COMPETITION IS OVER, DAWSON, BUT... ER, GO AHEAD IF YOU WISH!

AND MERELY BECAUSE HARLAN OAKES HAS BEEN VICTIMIZED BY LARYNGITIS, IS NO REASON WHY HARTWICK HIGH SHOULD BE DENIED THE CHANCE TO HAVE ITS FINEST ORATOR IN THE ALL-STATE FINALS!

HOORAY!
CLAP!
CLAP!

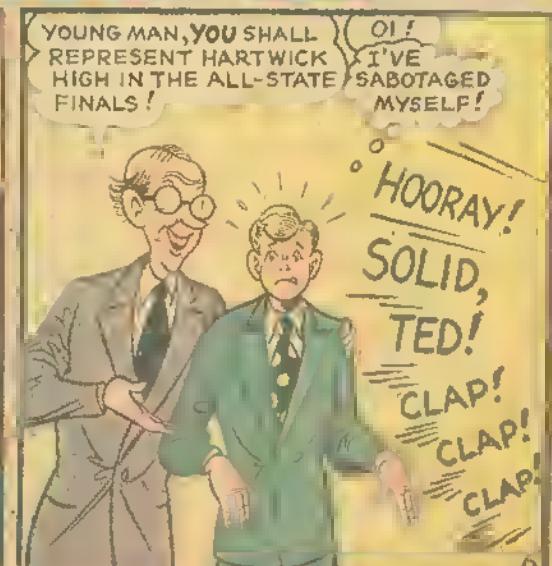
THAT WAS A VERY CONVINCING SPEECH, YOUNG MAN!

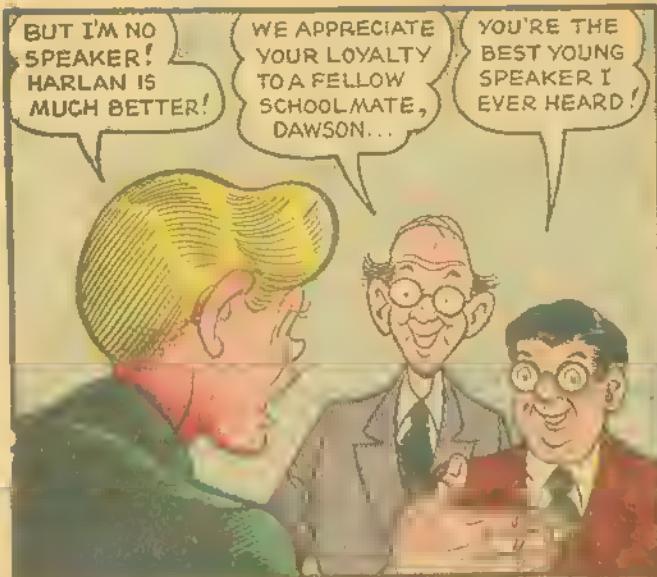
YOU SHOULD HEAR HARLAN OAKES, SIR! HE'S WONDERFUL!

YOUNG MAN, YOU SHALL REPRESENT HARTWICK HIGH IN THE ALL-STATE FINALS!

OI!
I'VE SABOTAGED MYSELF!

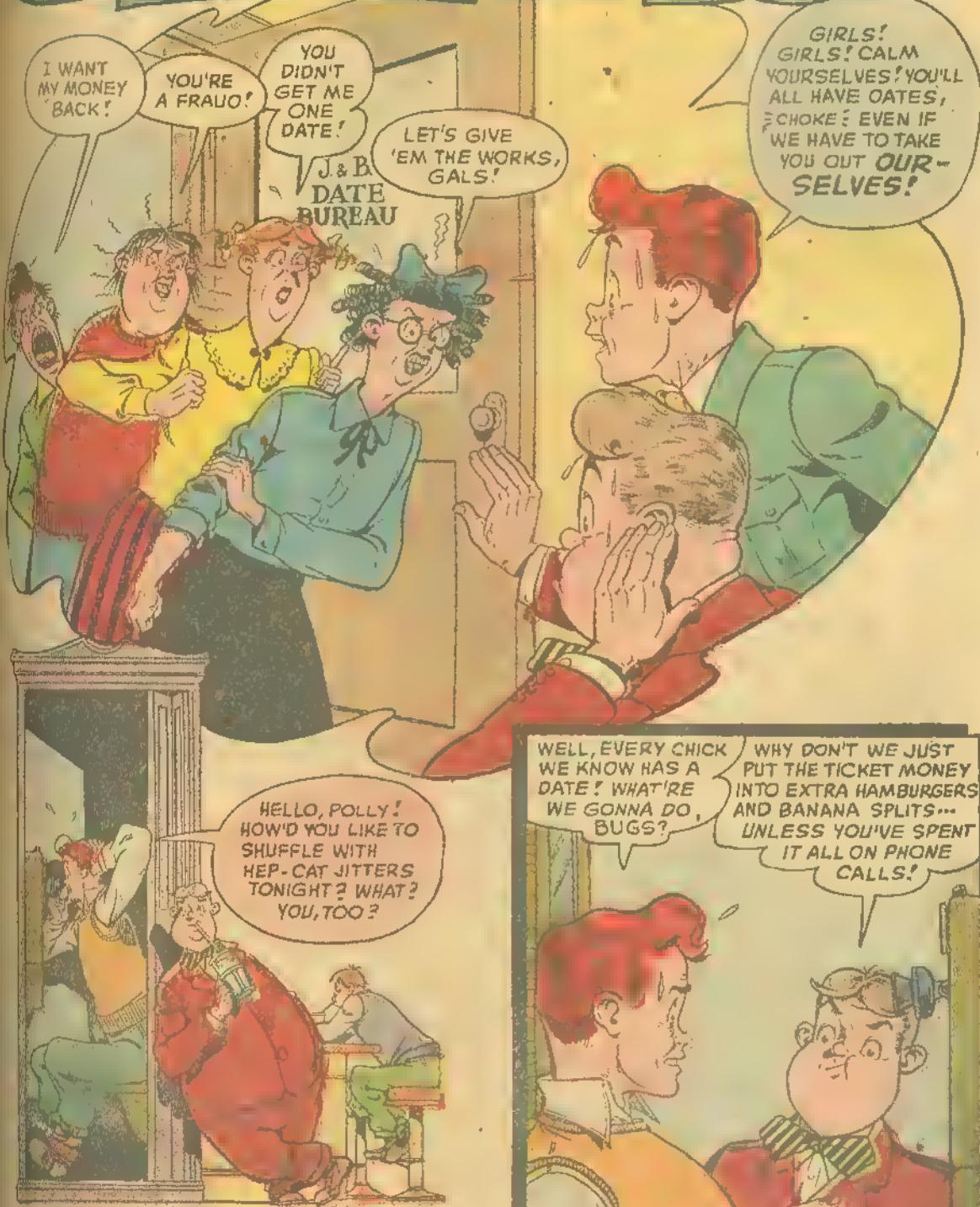
HOORAY!
SOLID,
TED!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!

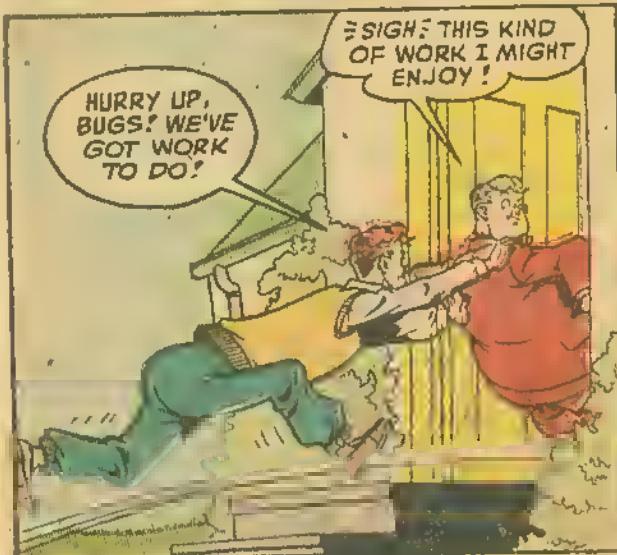




CANDY

JITTERS





Several days later...



CANDY



GLEEPS! A WHOLE NEW CROP OF GORGEOUS JILLS, AND ALL OURS!

HERE'S A PICTURE OF A JOE! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?



SOME GUYS CAN'T EVEN READ! THE AD DISTINCTLY SAID JILLS!



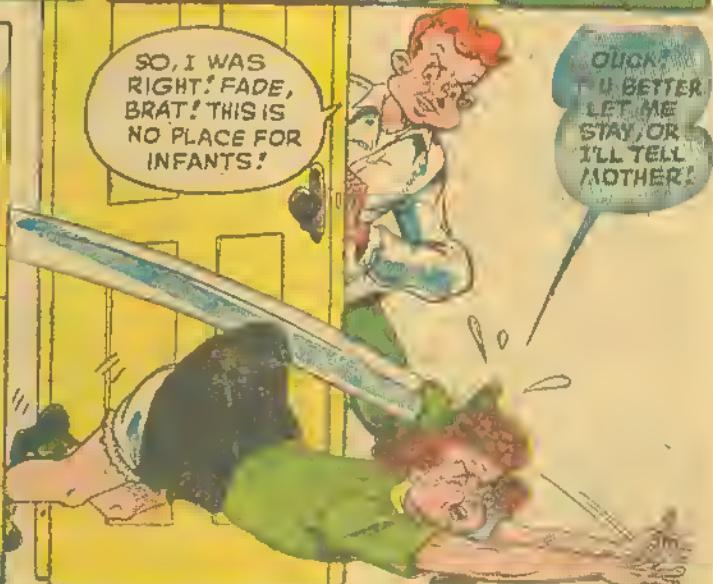
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SHH! MY PSYCHIC SELF TELLS ME WE ARE NOT ALONE!

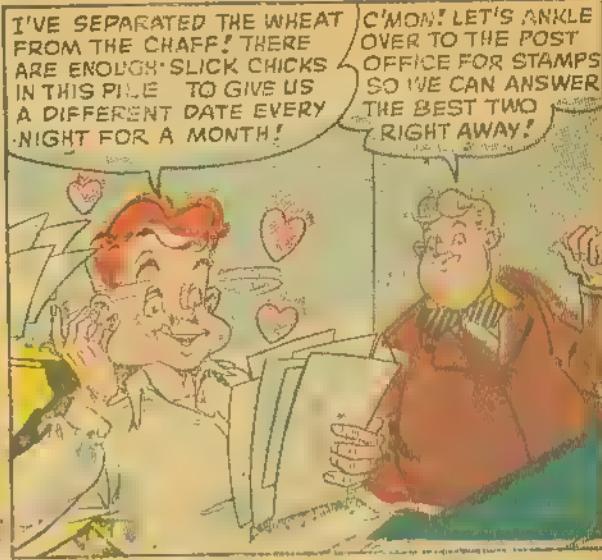


SO, I WAS RIGHT! FADE, BRAT! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR INFANTS!

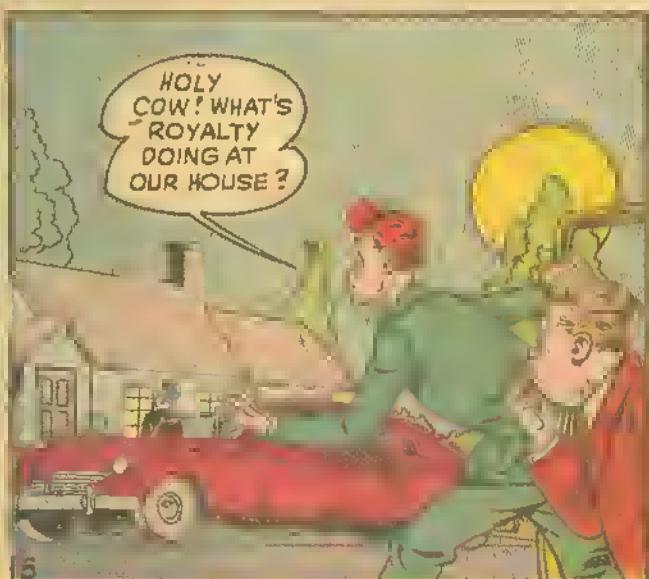
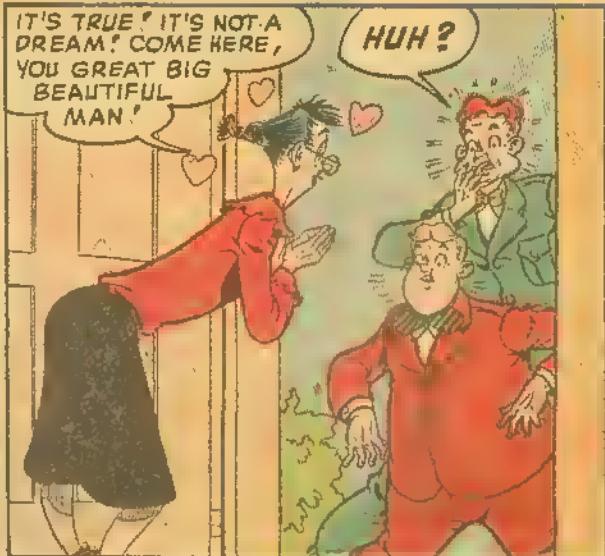
OUCH! YOU BETTER LET ME STAY, OR I'LL TELL MOTHER!



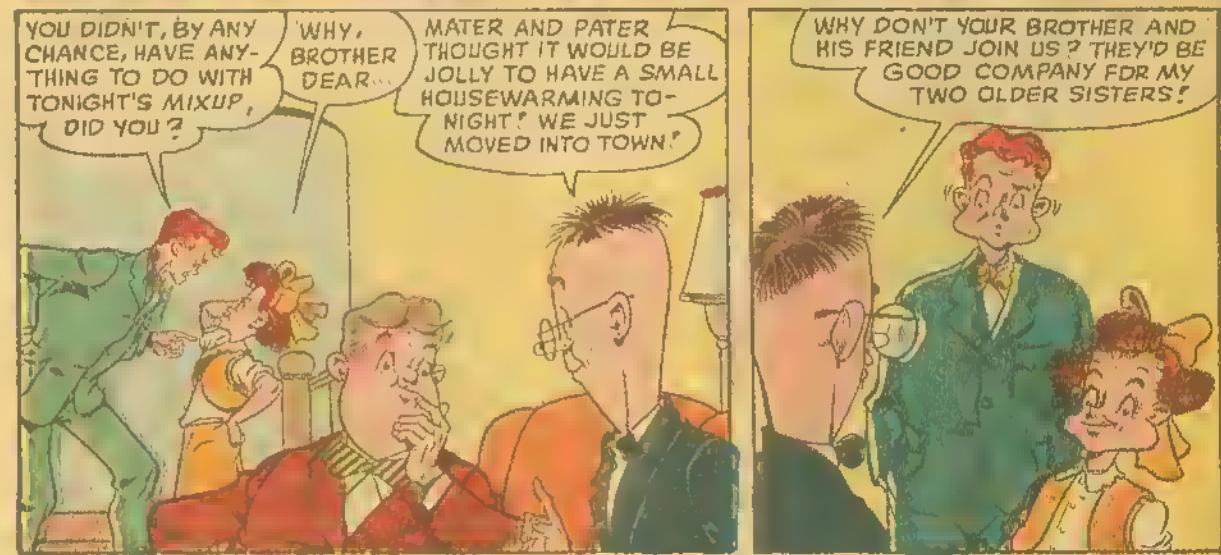
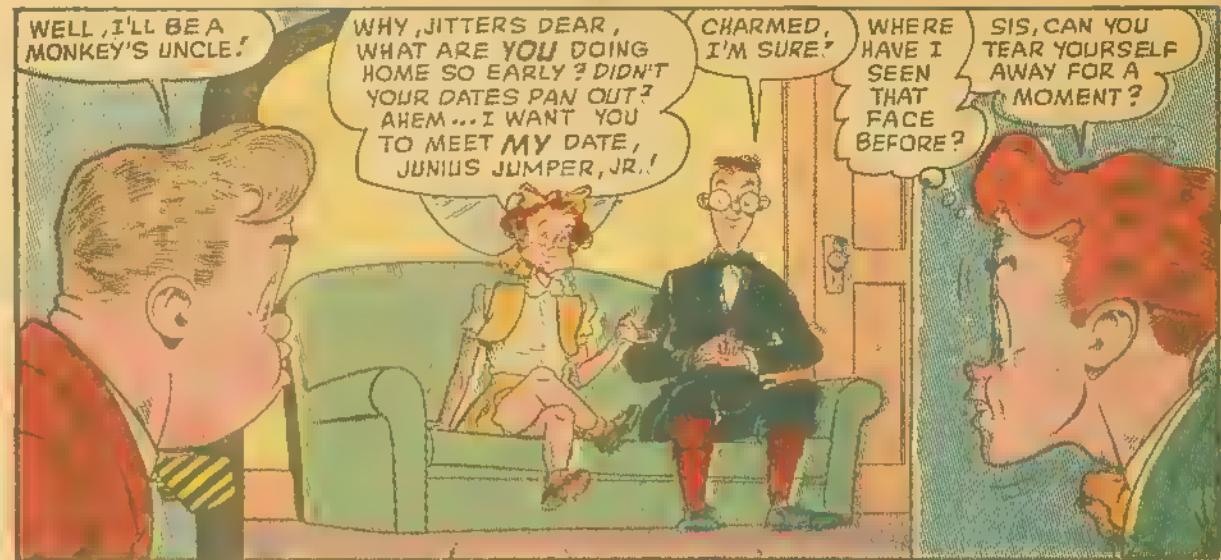
CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



Country Style



AS the door of the Sweet Shoppe swung open, the kids inside looked up with interest. Candy O'Connor stood in the doorway with a strange girl. Everyone had heard that Candy's cousin was paying her a visit, and as the two girls came in, the boys and girls stared at each other. The usual whistle accompanied the entrance, but it was a whistle strictly from surprise. This figure following Candy was definitely no wolf bait.

"Uh . . . let's sit here, Cousin Susie." Candy slid into a booth with her eyes lowered. "Two banana royales," she called to Herbie, who stood behind the counter.

"Say, that sounds good enough to eat! Get it? Ha-ha-ha!" Susie's voice matched her appearance. Penetrating and twangy, it was straight from the hills. It was as conspicuous as her red hair, and the red dress that clashed with the hair. The whole effect, so different from the teen-age style approved by the youth of Hartwick, seemed to shout "country." She didn't *really* wear a sunbonnet, but she gave that impression.

As for Candy, that O'Connor glitter was under a cloud. The kids could sympathize. No one would want to tow a country cousin like Susie into the local juke mill. Candy's friends were willing to stand by her, though. First Trish, Candy's best friend, carried her Chocolate Dream over to eat it in the booth with them. Then some of the other kids came by to meet Susie. Candy smiled gratefully. Friends were wonderful! And really, when you got to know Susie, she was a nice girl. It was just that she was so different from the Hartwick crew.

Candy began to relax. The ice was broken, and Susie obviously was enjoying herself, giving out with her own particular brand of "corn." Everything was fine—until the door of the Sweet Shoppe opened again to admit a new arrival. Candy's back was toward the door, and her first warning was when she heard a drawling voice.

"Hello, Herbie! What's the huddle in the corner?"

Candy stiffened, and looked around. Yes, it was Cornelia Clyde. And where Cornelia was, there was likely to be trouble.

"Looks like a fire!" Cornelia continued. "Or could that red possibly be hair?"

Susie broke off in the middle of a sentence. A blush ran over her skin, adding yet another shade of red to her outfit. Candy's eyes flashed, while Trish gave out with a "meow."

"Something that Candy O'Connor dragged in, no doubt!" Cornelia continued in a scornful tone.

Susie's eyes filled with tears, but she tried to blink them back. "Your . . . your friend has quite a sense of humor!" she said.

Candy had never liked Susie better. She admired her for trying to treat the thing as a joke. "I couldn't disagree with you more!" she smiled at Susie. "She isn't my friend—and she isn't funny! In fact she's corny—I mean, Cornelia!"

"Yes," said Cornelia, changing her tactics and smiling sweetly. "I'm Cornelia. And you must be Candy's cousin we've heard so much about! And how nice that you could be here for the big dance tonight! I suppose Candy has you all dated up for it?"

As Cornelia waited for an answer, her smile changed to pure sarcasm. Candy could only glare, for Corny had hit upon Candy's big problem.

"Why—I—don't know . . ." Susie stammered.

"Well, no doubt I'll see you there tonight!" Cornelia exclaimed. She turned and sauntered out, satisfied with the confusion she had created.

"Come on, Susie. We'd better go home too," Candy said. She got up, and Susie followed her out into the street.

"Look, Cousin Candy," Susie said as they

CANDY

walked along. "About that dance tonight. You don't have to worry about me. I—really—you go, and I'd just as soon stay at home!"

Before Candy could reply, there was a squeal of brakes and a jalopy slid to a stop beside them. Candy greeted Ted Dawson absently, while she made a resolve to herself: Not only would she see that Susie went to that dance, but she was determined to show her a fine time! Yet how to carry out the resolution, Candy didn't know.

The girls climbed into the car. Ted had met Susie already, so introductions were not necessary.

"I stopped by the Sweet Shoppe," Ted explained. "Trish told me you'd just left."

Candy could see from his expression that Trish had told him, too, about the scene with Cornelia. Well, that would save words . . . for Candy had decided to explain the problem of the dance to Ted and enlist his help. She thought she could count on Ted.

"Look!" she said to him. "This affair of the dance is really crucial! Susie's been in town such a short time that she hasn't had a chance to meet any boys—but you can get her a date, can't you?"

"Yeah," Ted said in a flat, absent-minded voice. Actually Ted was busy with a lot of thinking, but to Candy and Susie it sounded like plain indifference.

"*Ted!*" Candy yelled angrily.

"Uh—sorry!" Ted said. "You just leave things to me, Candy. You and Susie be ready to go, and I'll show up with a date tonight."

"It wouldn't have hurt you to sound a little more enthusiastic," Candy muttered as the car stopped in front of her house. But Ted drove away without replying. Was he letting her down?

Once in the house, Candy turned into a whirlwind of activity. "I'm going to set your hair," she informed Susie. "And I have a dream of a new formal—never worn, so no one'll know it's mine. It may need fitting, so try it on now."

"Really, Candy," Susie pleaded miserably. "I—I appreciate it, but I think I'd rather wear my own dress. And I don't believe my hair

will look very well, set."

But Candy wore down all opposition. At last Susie stood before Candy and her mother for approval, her hair coaxed into a sleek style and her plump body encased in the shining satin of Candy's dress. Candy and her mother exchanged glances—hopeless glances. Susie had been right. Her hair didn't become her, and the dress only emphasized her freckles and her sunburned skin.

"I hate to sound ungrateful," Susie said in a small voice, "but I don't think it's a bit of use for me to try to be something I'm not!"

"You win!" Candy groaned. Out came the set from the red hair, leaving it to curl all over Susie's head. Off came the dress, replaced by a short, full-skirted affair of Susie's own. Candy had to admit Susie looked better—but she didn't have that sophisticated glamour that was so desirable!

Ted arrived with a tall, pleasant-faced boy for Susie. He and Candy explained to Susie that this dance was the Surprise Ball given by Ted's club every year.

"It'll be a surprise this year, all right!" Ted grinned. "As a matter of fact, we switched ideas at the last minute. I spent all afternoon arranging it."

Approaching the dance, Susie became more and more nervous. The doors swung open and they heard the first strains of music. Candy's eyes popped with surprise and Susie's face lighted up. "Country style!" Susie gasped.

Inside, the Down-Homers' Band was giving out while a leader called the sets for a square dance. Most of the girls were having trouble managing their long, tight frocks in the complicated maneuvers, but Susie was right at home. Her red curls danced and her feet danced too, for she was an expert at this type of thing. She was in her element, and the boys crowded around her.

Candy, stopping to catch her breath in the middle of the evening, saw Cornelia Clyde standing against a wall sulking. Cornelia had never bothered to learn to square dances. Besides, her dress was too tight. "Ted," Candy said, "sometimes I almost begin to think you're a genius!"

Ted winked happily back at her.

CANDY

CANDY

BU DADDY! THIS
IS A BALL FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE!

DON'T BE SILLY,
CANDY! A MAN'S
AS YOUNG AS HE
FEELS!
HO! HO!
HO!

OH, TRISH! ISN'T THE
MASQUERADE BALL
GOING TO BE SIMPLY
FASCINATING?

IT'S A SWELL IDEA,
CANDY! BUT I
WONDER HOW
THE BOYS WILL
TAKE IT!

DANCE

ME
INS
B
SODAS

TED MAY BUCK A
LITTLE AT FIRST,
BUT I'M SURE HE'LL
COME AROUND! AND
CUTHBERT DOES ANY-
THING YOU SAY, SO
WHY WORRY?

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT!

IDE CREA

CANDY

CANDY



CANDY

LISSEN, WISE-GUY! I'LL CONVOY YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DON'T NEED ANY LICKED, M'BOY?



OF ALL THE GOSH-DARNED GALL!



WELL, AT LEAST I'M SURE OF A DATE FOR THE BALL! HOW ABOUT YOU, TRISH?



OH, I'M TAKING TRISH—THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT! WHY, CUTHBERT, HOW SWEET!

THAT BILL LOVEJOY'S PULLED ONE TOO MANY THIS TIME!

JUST LET BILL ALONE! HE MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT NASTY IN THE PAST, BUT HE'S MADE UP FOR IT TODAY!



BUT YOU'RE MY PIGEON! WE GO EVERYWHERE TOGETHER!

WE WENT EVERYWHERE TOGETHER!



MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, MISTER DAWSON! COMING, TRISH?

UH, HUH! WE'RE GOING TO SHOP FOR COSTUMES, CUTHBERT! SEE YOU LATER!



YOU WERE RATHER HARD ON TED, WEREN'T YOU, CANDY?

I SUPPOSE SO, BUT MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH HIM A LESSON! ANY WAY, BILL'S A DEEEE-VINE DANCE!



Meanwhile...

BILL LOVEJOY'S MOVED IN ON CANDY ONCE TOO OFTEN! HE NEEDS A TRIMMING DOWN! CAN I COUNT ON A SLIGHT ASSIST FROM YOU, CUTHBERT OL' PAL?

SURE THING, TED! BESIDES, HE TRIED TO DATE TRISH LAST WEEK!

GLEEPS! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! WHAT IF HE TAKES SOMEBODY ELSE?

Later...

I'LL CHECK MY FOLKS TO SEE IF THEY'LL BE CHAPERONES, TRISH, AND THEN WE'LL BE ALL SET FOR THE BALL!

THAT'S FINE, BUT I STILL SORT OF WISH YOU WERE GOING WITH TED! I WONDER WHO HE'LL TAKE NOW!



WELL, GOSH! YOU DON'T EXPECT HIM TO GO ALONE, DO YOU?

I GUESS NOT! 'BYE!

MOMS! DADDY! GUESS WHAT?

I'M AFRAID TO! IT'S ALWAYS BAD NEWS WHEN YOU SOUND THAT ENTHUSIASTIC!

WHAT IS IT, DEAR?



WE WANT YOU TO CHAPERONE AT THE GLEESOME GREMLINS' MASQUERADE BALL! I-IT'S THIS SATURDAY NIGHT!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO, CANDACE!

SOUNDS ALL RIGHT! ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T A CATCH TO IT?

OF COURSE YOU'LL COME IN COSTUME, SO YOU WON'T BE CONSPICUOUS OR LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE CHAPERONES!

WHAT? ABSOLUTELY NOT! I WON'T DRESS UP LIKE A GOOP FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...



CANDY

IT MAY TAKE ME
A LITTLE TIME TO
CONVINCE YOUR
FATHER, DEAR, BUT
WE'LL BE THERE!



Saturday Evening...

GDOSH! I ONLY WISH I WERE
GOING TO THE BALL WITH TED!
HE DIDN'T EVEN
PHONE ME...
THE...CREEP!



CANDACE, I'M AFRAID
WE'RE GOING TO BE A
LITTLE LATE! WILL
THAT BE ALL RIGHT?
LATE?
WHATEVER
FOR?



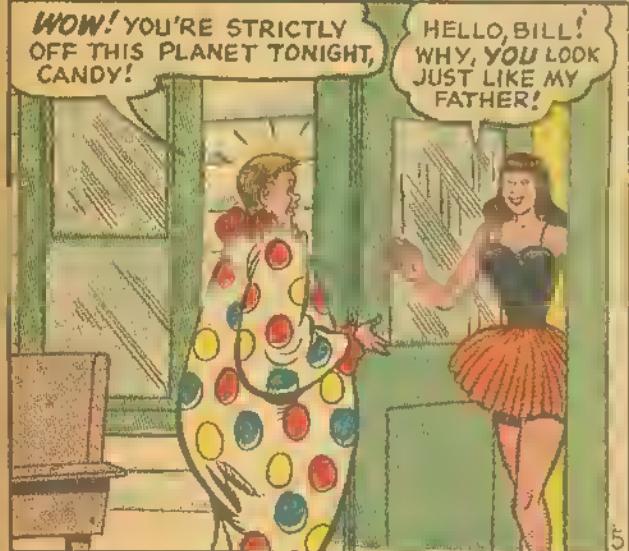
IT TOOK ME TWO HOURS TO
GET YOUR FATHER INTO THAT
SUIT, AND IT'LL TAKE ME MORE
TIME TO TALK HIM INTO WEAR-
ING IT OUT OF
THE HOUSE!

OH, BUT HE
LOOKS CUTE!



WOW! YOU'RE STRICTLY
OFF THIS PLANET TONIGHT,
CANDY!

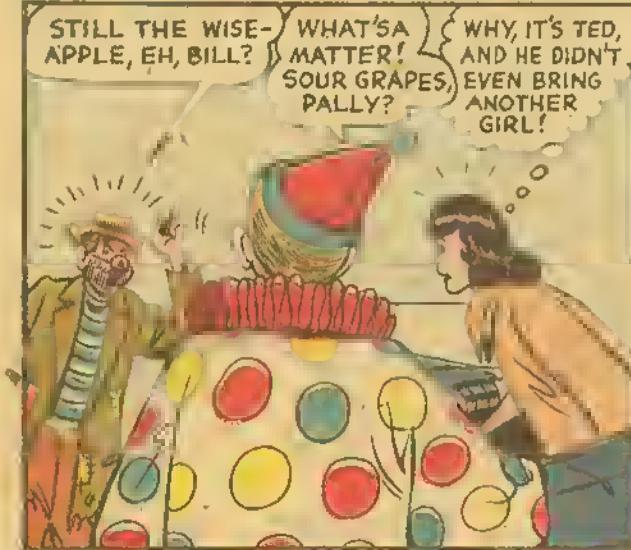
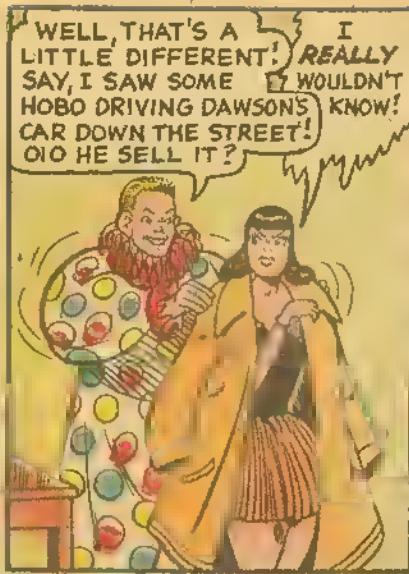
HELLO, BILL!
WHY, YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE MY
FATHER!



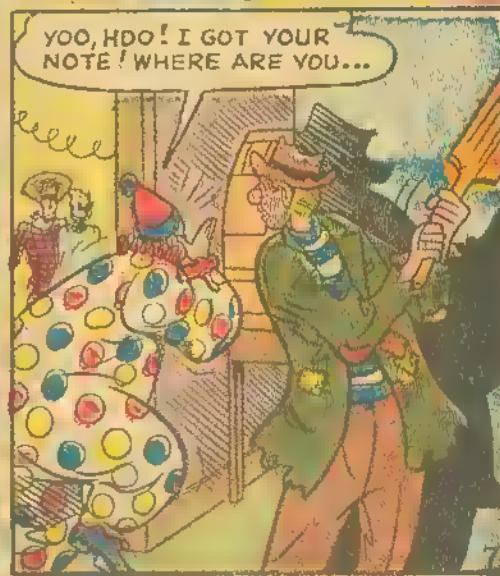
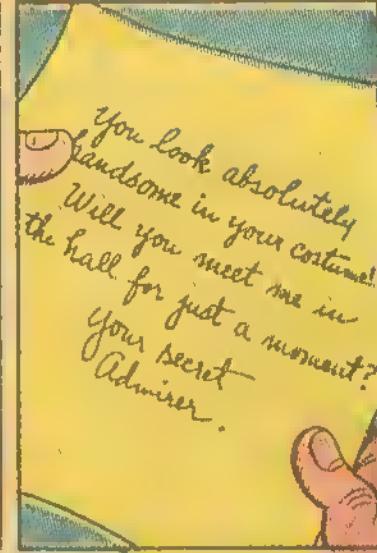
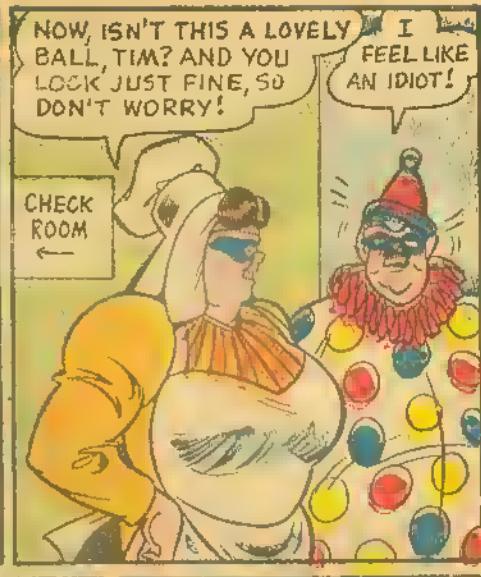
HEY, YOUR POP'S A
NICE GUY, BUT HE'S
A LOT OLDER AND...
HA-HA! OH, NO,
BILL! I MEAN,
YOU'RE BOTH
WEARING THE
SAME COSTUME!

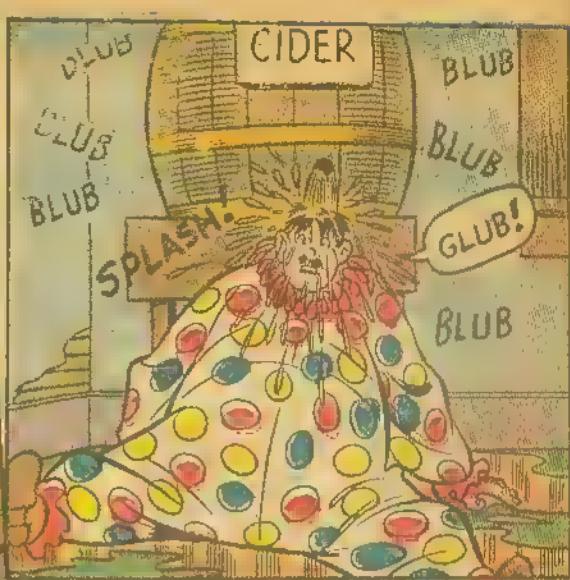


CANDY



CANDY





CANDY



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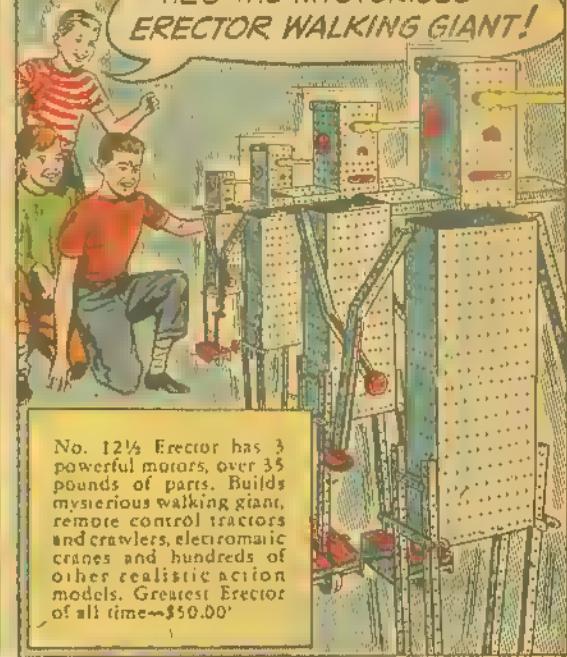
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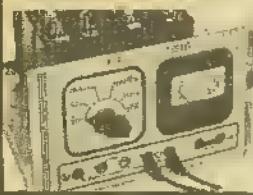
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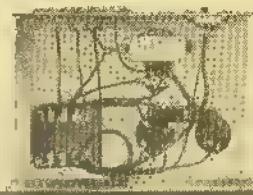
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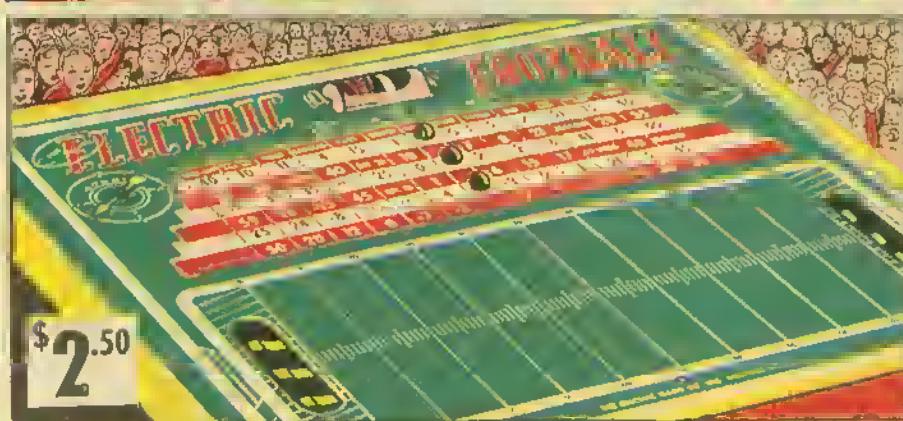
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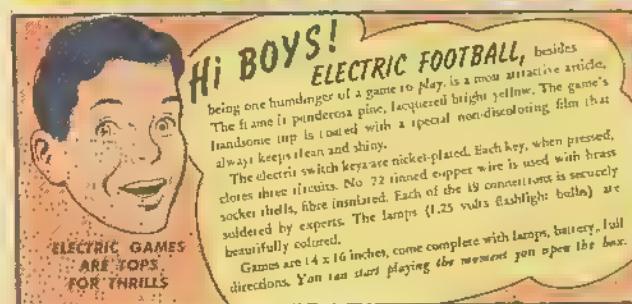
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